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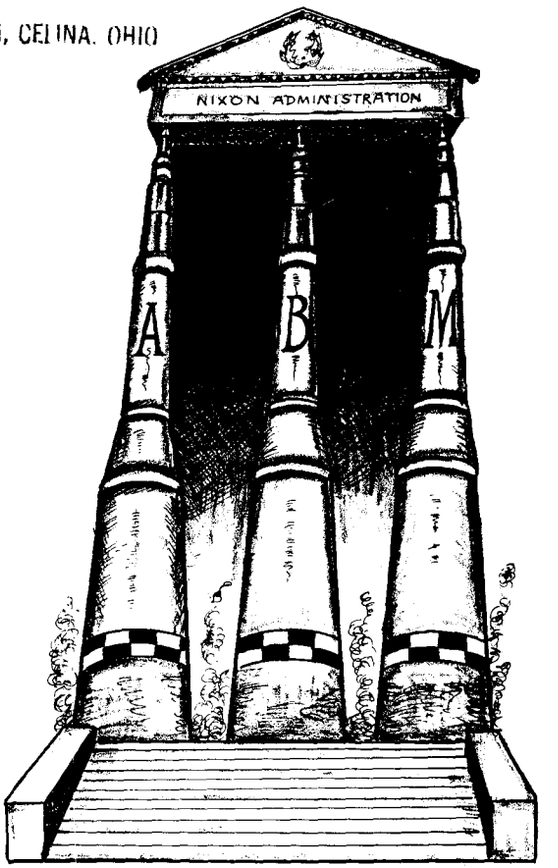

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A SILENT PARTNER
JOHN W. WARNOCK

NIXON-MEANY: AN ODD COUPLE
JOSEPH HILL

Philip Tracy *from the Woodstock gala* ***John Deedy*** *from 451 Madison Avenue* ***Robert Kuttner*** *from Washington . . . and* ***Michael Novak*** *from Old Westbury, Long Island*

Ralph Whitehead *on Jane Jacobs* ***Samuel Hazo*** *on Hart Crane* ***Philip T. Hartung*** *on black films* ***Gerald Weales*** *on the world of Lorraine Hansberry*

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NEWS & VIEWS

Protecting the Pentagon

"So we cannot now influence the military," commented Representative Otis Pike (D-NY).

"You cannot influence a juror," shot back South Carolina's Mendel Rivers, conscientious practitioner of the non-sequitur.

Rivers was rising to the defense of Section 708 of HR 13018, which would make it a crime to picket the Pentagon and engage in activities in or near the Pentagon aimed at influencing military decisions.

"An anti-picketing segment would abrogate civil liberties of American citizens," Bertram Podell (D-NY) stated ponderously.

Of course, that was not the tack for the occasion. Section 708 was so inane that only satire would suit.

Lucien Nedzi (D-Mich) provided the opening: "The provision is so broad that patriotic assemblies of veterans like the DAR, the Blue Star Mothers, and the Gold Star Mothers or anyone else seeking to express support for our government would be subject to possible prosecution . . ."

Otis Pike was back on his feet. "I frankly do not worry about the man driving down the highway with a bumper-sticker reading, 'ABM is an Edsel,' " remarked Pike. "I think technically he would be in violation of this criminal statute, and anyone who espouses such heresy perhaps ought to go to jail for a year . . .

"I am not worrying about the 'Women Strike for Peace.' . . . They will get their message across. If their picket signs are taken away from them, they will print the message on their dresses—and I do not believe they are going to take their dresses away from them . . .

"I am concerned about the poor American Legionnaire . . . who wears his Legion hat as he walks into the Pentagon and all he has on his suit is a button reading 'Support our boys in Vietnam.' He is committing a crime under this statute. He is attempting to influence the military or the civilian employees of the Pentagon . . .

"I am concerned about the poor Congressman who goes over there and pounds on the desk and waves his arms because in the furtherance of his constitutional responsibility to raise and support armies, he is outraged because they are taking a base away from his district. He is attempting to influence the military and he is demonstrating. He is committing a crime."

Mendel Rivers fumed: "There is about as much comparison as there is between a lightning bug and a billy goat."

Pike flourished another argument. He suggested that the Pentagon might actually be getting more protection than it wanted:

"If an aggressive, nasty man walked into the Pentagon wearing a button saying 'Stop the war,' I expect they would like to be protected from that sort of influence. On the other hand, if a voluptuous, beautiful blonde walked in there wearing a button which said, 'Make love, not war,' that would present what the Pentagon would call 'an option.' They might not like to be protected from that sort of influence."

It was the speech of the year in the House.

How persuasive was it? Not very. Section 708 carried 323 to 87.

Barring reversal of the vote, the law of the land will hold punishable by fine up to $5,000, or imprisonment up to one year, or both, any parading or picketing in or near the Pentagon and activities otherwise intended to influence Pentagon people.

Representative Pike summed up neatly: "To quote a great American, 'This is so ridiculous, it is ridiculous.' "

Money Still Talks

"If the generation gap is to be closed, we older people have to do more than we have done," said Max Yasgur, Sullivan County (N.Y.) dairy farmer.

Yasgur set an example. He provided 600 acres of his land as the site for the Woodstock Music and Art Fair.

The consideration: $50,000.

Post-Spellmanism

Patriotism remains dogma in the Archdiocese. The following from the parish bulletin of St. Augustine's, Larchmont, Westchester County:

"The extraordinary success of our Astronauts who landed on the Moon has engendered, we hope, a new spirit of patriotism in our country. The Catholic Church commands and consecrates patriotism to one's country. The true Catholic must indeed be a true patriot. In the eyes of the Church, loyalty to Country is loyalty to God; patriotism is a heavenly virtue—a high and holy form of obedience."

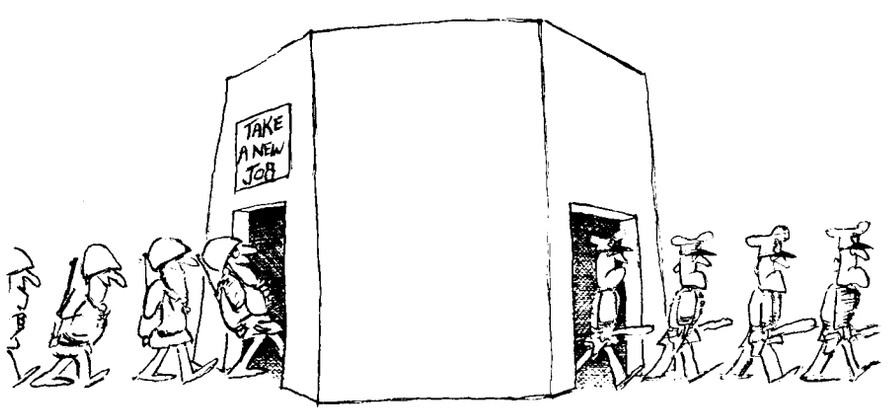
Odds and Ends

—Tristram Coffin's assessment of the Nixon tour of Asia in *Washington Watch*, private newsletter with business-executive orientation: "Mr. Nixon has returned to the Dulles doctrine of 1950: the U.S. must move into the 'power vacuum' of Asia, contain China and assist in the overthrow of the Communists, build and defend anti-Communist states in Asia and freeze out Soviet influence." Coffin's indictment: "The President bowed to the military."

—Further 'signs of the times': the annual convention of the National Catholic Social Action Conference, scheduled for Detroit Aug. 21-24, was cancelled. Insufficient registration. 250 had been established as a minimum registration figure; the number was stalled at 91 ten days before the event, when the cancellation was issued.

—Overheard on a N.Y. bus: 4-H type male to companion after glimpsing headline of commuter's newspaper, "Where's Belfast?" . . . "I think it's in New Jersey."

JOHN DEEDY



PICHA—The Special, Belgium Ben Roth Agency

The Nixon decision: to bring home 50,000 GIs from Vietnam as soon as possible

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CORRESPONDENCE

Once Again, Dow

Midland, Mich.

To the Editors: I have just received through our clipping service your article about our company (News & Views 5/30/69). Had I received it earlier, I would have answered earlier to point out some serious errors of fact in this article.

To use your own phrase, in point of fact, Dow does not now and has never in the past produced deadly nerve poisons. Your statement to the contrary is totally untrue. As for our "kindred contracts to protect," Dow's total business to all branches of the government is less than five percent of our sales.

Dow did not supply $45.2 million in Tordon to the government in 1967. Total purchase by the government of all herbicides from all producers (there were 10 producers of various herbicides) reached this amount.

Tordon was not developed with the help of an Army research grant. The product is not used as an anti-crop weapon. Your implications that Tordon has been used to destroy rice crops is not only untrue, it shows a total lack of knowledge of what you're talking about. This product is used, in fact, to aid in rice production in Latin America by selectively controlling weeds in this crop.

You finally remark that "this should sober Dow." It has indeed sobered us to see how willing certain groups and certain publications are to circulate untruths under the label of facts. If you can't take the trouble to check the authenticity of your information you should a least let your readers know that you have no particular interest in reporting truth, that your aim is strictly to air a point of view.

I can respect honest disagreement. I cannot respect disregard for truth no

(Continued on page 551)

NEWS & VIEWS: 530 **CORRESPONDENCE: 531**
EDITORIALS: 531
THE BIRTH OF A CULTURE: *Philip Tracy* **532**
THE CARDINAL WAS IN CONNECTICUT: *John Deedy* **534**
RED AND GREEN IN CIVIL RIGHTS: *Robert Kuttner* **535**
END OF THE BEGINNING: *Jeremy J. Stone* **536**
A SILENT PARTNER: *John W. Warnock* **536**
NIXON-MEANY: AN ODD COUPLE: *Joseph Hill* **537**
WHERE DID ALL THE SPIRIT GO?: *Michael Novak* **540**
THE STAGE: *Gerald Weales* **542** ***THE SCREEN:*** *Philip T. Hartung* **543**
BOOKS: **545**
Cover sketch (also pages 536, 537) *By Wetzel—Ben Roth Agency*

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THE SHANNON CASE

The case of Bishop Shannon is unique. Not because he is the first American bishop to resign, for he is not, nor because he is the first known to marry, although he is. The central importance of the Shannon affair lies in the fact that he resigned for clearly ideological reasons, and under great pressure from such reactionary hierarchs as Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles.

Bishop Shannon's marriage soon after his resignation shocked many people, but it does not seem to us central. Whether or not a priest who leaves the active ministry marries is for him to decide, as is the question of whether he will go through the laicization process. But what has become clear since Bishop Shannon's marriage, particularly in a long interview in the Aug. 20 *National Catholic Reporter,* is the kind of pressure to which he was exposed before he capitulated. As his views on issues like mandatory celibacy and birth control shifted, Bishop Shannon's attempts to show his fellow-bishops there was another side to such questions (even on Vietnam!) led only to suspicion and resentment. He was told that he was an embarrassment to the church, in token of which he would never in any circumstances be promoted. Cardinal McIntyre circulated an attack on him to Rome and to every Archbishop in the U.S.; Bishop Shannon did not receive even a courtesy copy, was not permitted to refute numerous errors in it and in fact never saw the document, although friends told him its contents. Small wonder that months and even years of this weighed heavily on Bishop Shannon's spirit, that he resented an offer of voluntary exile to keep him quiet, or that he wondered why a letter to the Pope went for months unanswered. Perhaps a more aggressive man might have shrugged all these rebuffs off; it may be that Bishop Shannon lacked any talent for ecclesiastical in-fighting—which is not necessarily to his discredit. At any rate, the point came when he felt powerless to cope with the system inside which he was supposed to function, and he resigned. And it was in the period of intense loneliness after this move that he decided to marry.

What moral is to be drawn from this affair? To our mind, it should sober

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Bishop Shannon's former colleagues in the hierarchy and all who are concerned with the future of the church that a man of his caliber was unable to work within the ecclesiastical structure in this country. Bishop Shannon's views at most were like those of various national hierarchies and countless theologians. It cannot be repeated too often that he was no radical; in any gathering of "liberal" Catholics, it was Bishop Shannon who was moderate, calm, reasoned, never extreme. Indeed, it was precisely for this reason that so many Catholics, clerical and lay, considered him their spokesman and leader, and it is tragic that they have now been so rudely disappointed. But what must be emphasized is that the real and lasting damage from this matter would result if such Catholics allowed disappointment to lead them to imitation of Bishop Shannon's decision to opt out. Months before his marriage, Bishop Shannon reached the point at which he felt he could bear no more and that he had to resign. We sympathize with him, but few of us can make a comparable claim, and one thing still seems certain to us: reform in the church will come primarily from within. The danger now is that those who looked to Bishop Shannon for leadership will choose to follow his example. If this becomes the case, it more than anything else will be the ultimate tragedy of the Shannon affair.

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The Birth Of a Culture

Maurice wiped the bar, his sad eyes staring out the front door to the street, his head slowly shaking from side to side. Outside, thousands of young people walked along Route 17B heading for the Woodstock Music and Art Fair's Aquarian Exposition five miles away. Inside, Maurice attended to three local beer drinkers and a stranger sipping scotch. It's eleven o'clock on a Saturday night and Maurice the businessman is worried.

"If I bought stock in a cemetery, people would probably stop dying." Thirty-five and slightly paunchy, he frets to the stranger, "As soon as I heard they were holding this thing here, I sunk a thousand bucks into the place in order to attract a big crowd. I figured a discotheque would draw them like flies to honey. Some schemer I am. A thousand bucks down the drain."

Standing there behind his bar, surrounded by the black lights and the posters he recently bought in New York, Maurice shook his head and mentally counted the bills, while half a million kids marched outside his door oblivious to his efforts to attract them. Maurice had guessed wrong.

He wasn't the only one. The sponsors of the Festival planned for fifty thousand people to attend each of the three concerts. At least that many camped on the grounds the night before it opened, with the final number totaling closer to five hundred thousand. The local police, remembering an incident earlier this year when five thousand youngsters had more or less torn a town apart over one weekend, anticipated riots. The riots never came and by Sunday the police were telling newsmen how great the kids had acted. The young, especially the more paranoid types, feared mass arrests and constant harassment from the local citizenry. Instead they found they could smoke their dope in public while the townspeople accepted them as they were.

In retrospect, most of the miscalculations are easy to understand. For what happened at White Lake, N.Y. was the birth of a full-grown culture—a culture of, by, and for the young in which most of us who grew up reading Salinger do not participate or accept. Alone in their lofts or the ticky-tacky houses that their parents love so much, they could be treated as an occasional oddity or family skeleton. You can arrest a pothead or insult a couple but nobody messes with a city full of people. Together at White Lake, they became a distinct society with their own rules, rituals, costumes and standards of behavior. Mobs riot, cities don't, and Woodstock was the first city of the new culture.

Not that it sprang from thin air. There have been signs for quite some time that something like this was afoot. The Be-Ins, the Love-Ins, the communal, family-like quality of the anti-Vietnam war parades, the Haight-Ashbury-East Village scenes were all early signs of pregnancy. Likewise, the campus riots, the people's park, the Chicago Convention were labor pains that accompanied the birth. The Woodstock Festival was merely the final, irrevocable eruption of a life force that's been gestating for the last few years.

The interraction between the residents along the highway and the kids on the road was truly hilarious. On the first day they stood outside their small, white frame houses and stared in utter shock, their slack jaws a constant amusement to the youthful passersby. By Saturday they recovered, or more accurately, adjusted. Some sold warm beer brought in the night before, for five dollars a six-pack. Others offered the use of their houses as comfort stations to the throng of travelers. Outside the Esther Manor Motel soup, crackers and a cup of kool-aid were dispensed free to all who wished them.

The cops were the funniest of all. Like isolated strangers in a foreign country, they adopted the customs of the dominant culture. Standing in the middle of White Lake, a local sheriff's deputy directed the flow of traffic that included volkswagens covered with riders on the outside, a microbus with four on the roof smoking a gigantic water pipe and motorcycle packs straight out of some Marlon Brando movie. Alone, a flower in his shirtpocket and a whistle in his mouth, his only defense against the unsightly onslaught was a wide if weary grin. All but the most paranoid waved and smiled back as

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they passed him, knowing their day had finally come.

Music is the glue that holds the young together. If radical politics, dope, sex, and magic are bricks of their new culture, music is the mortar that cements the different elements into place. Sitting in the middle of Max Yasgur's Dairy Farm cum three hundred thousand visitors was a first-class horror until a group called Canned Heat took the stage. Suddenly the waves of electricity came rolling up the slope from the distant tiny square in the center of the valley. Suddenly reefers are passing from hand to hand in a furious effort to strengthen the high. Slowly at first, then all at once, everyone is standing up and bodies are swaying.

The volume deepens, quickens. The swaying turns to jerks. Everyone is into it now. Shouts of "groove it," "smack it," and "lay it into me" are everywhere. The heat and the thirst and the mud are left behind, as if everyone were traveling in a psychic helicopter which is slowly receding from the earth. The bodies come together, the people come together and finally the whole hill becomes one huge rocking trip-out. The energy of the hill feeds back to the band on the stage and the group itself starts to freak, jumping up and down in wild frenzy, stretching their amplification to its outer limits. The intensity is self-generating; it blocks all other stimuli from the senses. Building, constantly growing, the percussion mounts until the most casual observer is caught up in the explosive vibrations flowing back and forth. It goes on like this for over an hour. The group doesn't finish the set, it collapses along with the people on the hill.

Once upon a time Frank Sinatra, Elvis Presley and even the Beatles played to wild swinging audiences. They tantalized, raising and cooling the response of the people in the front almost at will, using suppressed cravings as the source of their energy. On Saturday afternoon in the middle of a dairy farm the Canned Heat had no audience. They were part of a chemical interaction, only an element, no more in control than the people on the hill. Standing in the middle of it, you start to understand why all these hundreds of thousands of people have walked for miles, slept in mud and sat for hours without moving. This is what they all share in common, and now they have felt it they lay back again, exhausted.

Half a mile behind the sloping hill another aspect of the new culture worked itself out among scraggy pines and rocky wasteland where Max's cows rarely wander. The Hog Farm is a communal family of ex-hippies, veterans of Haight-Ashbury and the flower generation. Their normal home is New Mexico, where they own land, raise sheep and chickens, grow most of their food and live together in a large common-house. They either don't know or won't say how many of them there are or how one becomes a member. Flown in several weeks ago by the Festival staff to help clear the camp-site area and set up the ground rules for the weekend, their authority within the metropolis of tents and teepees aptly named "Movement City" is unquestioned.

An observer seeking to help as well as to watch might be directed to a wood and canvas booth, much like those seen at church bazaars, where the raw ingredients used to feed several thousand people day and night were prepared. The meal offered was a simple one—a salad of carrots, kidney beans, raw onion and raisins plus a portion of wheat germ and cracked wheat, studded with tiny bits of scallion. If work in the food-booth slackens, some are directed to the first-aid center, where people are treated for everything from cuts and bruises to bad acid trips or an overdose of heroin. The entire compound was a highly organized operation, far more efficient than an army field unit, yet nearly everybody there was stoned on pot or hash.

The Hog Farmers served as a kind of community service society to the whole festival. They put out a daily fact sheet, listing various locations where free food was available and giving descriptions of people who were selling bad dope. In addition to providing food and health services they acted as intermediaries between the kids and the outside world—hasseling cops and locals indignant over the antics of individual freaks.

Hog Farmers dress with a peculiar kind of consistency. Their clothes tell you the kind of person they want to be. People into astrology wear long, flowing Merlin-like gowns with crudely cut stars sewed all over. The rustic, western types wear calico or buckskin. All move slowly, talk softly and have very little use for outside strangers and the world they represent. They have been through a great many difficulties trying to establish their own way of life. Here, in a place where they are accepted and revered for the way in which they live, they don't care to answer anybody's questions.

Strange and distant, they march to a very different drummer than the rest of us. They've created a society which parallels our own, yet rarely touches it. Underground press, underground clothing factories, underground farm cooperatives, underground restaurants—the Hog Farmers and thousands like them at the Festival no longer need the world of the "straights," the world you and I inhabit. While only a very small portion of the half a million assembled in Max's pasture, the Hog Farmers symbolized the option most of the young are choosing, with no one around to offer objection. No one these kids will listen to anymore, anyway.

And who could blame them? With our filthy streets and rivers and our cities slowly rotting, who could tell them no? With the best of our leaders dead who could say they're wrong? With our lust for destruction and our murderous hearts, who could tell them ours was the better world? No one. Woodstock was only the beginning.

PHILIP TRACY

(Philip Tracy is a free-lance writer who lives in New York.)

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The Cardinal Was In Connecticut

The cardinal might actually have enjoyed the gathering: kids romping around the parking lot ("the most valuable parking lot in the world," a lay PR aide pronounced solemnly), tots scrambling up the front steps and gliding down the brass hand-railing, then off to a car in the corner to nibble at a lunch spread across its hood, or collect a lollypop or a sucker from a smiling lady. The cardinal might even have profited from meeting with Paul Mayer, free-lance priest, and others of conscience who came to talk about Jim Forman and the Black Manifesto and the Black Economic Development Conference. Nice, quiet people these. Straights, most of them; sincere as hell; committed—and disturbed over the Archdiocese's negative response to the Manifesto.

But the cardinal was off to Connecticut—"for the dedication of the new Knights of Columbus building," the PR aide informed knowledgeably. The cardinal wasn't to leave until 3:30 p.m., according to Mayer's inside-informant. Mayer and his colleagues had planned to come by Chancery at 2 p.m.; to be on the safe side, they moved their visit up to 1:30. The cardinal was "out of town," they were told by the PR aide shortly after 1:30. Two New York policemen presided over the reception, solemn as domestic prelates and twice as loyal.

The cardinal ostensibly did not know the ad hoc delegation was coming. But the police did. ("A friend of mine in the media tipped me off," the PR aide commented with satisfaction.) Thus the police were there—in discreet numbers: two uniformed men at the gate of 451 Madison Avenue, several in cars that cruised by not very casually, and four in plain clothes who piled out of an unmarked car and mingled among the reporters. One flourished paper and pen, popped questions, and acted for all the world like Mike Wallace.

There was no commotion. Mayer and the others are gentle folk. They moved toward the Chancery door and were halted before the first step. "Why aren't we allowed in," asked Mayer? "Because the vicar general says so," replied a policeman. (Police are not standard personnel at Chancery, the PR aide assured: "Ordinarily we don't check people coming in. Only for something like this. We don't want sit-ins and all that crap.") Mayer turned away, calmly, and told his protest to the media:

"We vehemently object to the want of moral sensitivity in the recent callous treatment of James Forman of the Black Economic Development Conference by the Archdiocese of New York. We protest his being prevented from seeing Cardinal Cooke, the lack of compassion and any sense of history in the official archdiocesan statement. . . ."

As he talked a woman in brogue carped: "You say you're a priest. Where do you say mass? You're married! You're a father! Are you going to have your baby baptized in church?" (Mayer smiled. "There's a lovely little goldfish pond in the back yard and we thought that would be a good place." The woman reeled back weak.) Youngsters, black and white, converged on the scene, acquaintances, obviously, of the dozen or so adults making their witness. "Who wants a piece of candy?" "Did you bring me an ice cream cone?" "Come-on, let's play tag." There hadn't been such happy voices outside Chancery since when? The elevation of Cardinal Cooke? Maybe. One cop frowned his disapproval.

Talk tailed off, the kids got restless, the day hotter. Should the group sit down and await the cardinal or accept a bid to meet with the vicar general? The decision was to see the V.G. Mayer—bearded, in white shirt and tie, raincoat rolled under arm—and a woman in blue dress, peace pendant hanging around neck (later identified as Sister Catherine Mary of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Mary, and a high school teacher in the Bronx), passed the police detail and entered Chancery. A monsignor met them inside and escorted them to an elevator. Before the elevator doors could close, a man in civvies slid in. No wonder who he was: a plainclothesman. He saw the party to the V.G.'s office. It was a perfect example of the wedding of power structures.

The conference took about 20 minutes. "It was a reasonable meeting," commented Mayer on descending to the parking lot. "Monsignor O'Brien acknowledged that they had received our letter on this matter and said that they had tried to reach us by phone. He said they were unsuccessful. There's someone at my phone practically 24 hours a day; maybe there was a bad connection. Monsignor O'Brien said he would review our meeting with the cardinal and recommend that the cardinal give us a hearing. He said we'd hear in a reasonable period of time. Maybe two or three days."

Everyone began to drift off. A pretty girl in her early 20s eased alongside: "It's too bad the cardinal had to go all the way to Connecticut to avoid seeing us. We're not all that terrible." A black photographer from a New York daily fell into step: "Who you with?" "*Commonweal.*" "Just wanted to know. We've been having a lot of trouble with the fuzz lately, with them horning in on our scene, acting like newsmen. They've got a case of paranoia, those guys."

On the steps of Chancery, the uniformed detail watched the crowd disperse and grinned smugly. The PR aide disappeared into Chancery conducting two newsmen on a tour it appeared. ("You couldn't begin to duplicate this place today.") The Archdiocese's position on the Black Manifesto remained as before: the Manifesto is "closely joined to political concepts which are completely contrary to our American way of life."

JOHN DEEDY

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Red and Green In Civil Rights

After major Administration civil rights retreats all Spring, from school integration to textile contracts, the Labor Department in August finally demonstrated some firmness on implementation of fair employment regulations. A behind-the-scenes conflict broke into the open the week of August 4 with the announcement by Labor Secretary Schultz that he intended to disregard a ruling by the Comptroller General against the Labor Department's "Philadelphia plan." The plan requires that federal construction contractors in the Philadelphia area commit themselves to hire substantial numbers of minority workers, by craft, within established ranges. Seven building trades in Philadelphia currently employ fewer than two percent blacks, in a city over 30 percent black.

The Comptroller General heads the General Accounting Office, which is an investigative arm of the Congress. He is empowered by statute to determine the legality of all federal expenditures. Earlier this year, the Labor Department agreed to tailor the Plan to GAO's specifications after the Comptroller General found that its first draft violated principles of competitive bidding. The Comptroller General's more recent ruling, in response to a request by Senator Fannin (R-Ariz) contended that requiring prospective Philadelphia contractors to specify goals and timetables for minority hiring violates the ban on racial quotas contained in the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

The irony is that the Plan's intent is necessarily to take the construction industry by the hand to force it to live up to the Civil Rights Act. The industry has been one of the most racist, with scant black representation except in the traditionally Negro "mud trades" and relatively low-paying general carpentry.

In Cleveland in 1967, the Labor Department held up $80 million worth of federal construction funds until contractors came up with some 70 black workers. A ruling by a federal judge in Cincinnati blocked the expenditure of public construction funds on projects which institutionally blocked employment of blacks. The Philadelphia Plan, as a rational mechanism of formalizing the requirement of fair minority representation, has been in the works for nearly two years. When the Comptroller General sought to kill it, officials of the Labor Department were outraged. Arthur Fletcher, the black Assistant Secretary of Labor with responsibility for contract compliance, reportedly put his job on the line. Secretary Schultz had to make strong representations to the White House to keep peace in his own house.

At their press conference announcing their intention to disregard the Comptroller General, Labor Department officials postured tough. Laurence Silverman, the Solicitor of Labor, said that the Comptroller General had proper jurisdiction over procurement matters, but that when he tried to interpret the Civil Rights Act, he was "out of his garden." In fact, several Courts—though never the Supreme Court—have upheld the use of federal contract requirements to promote minority employment.

The Administration performance in other areas of civil rights has been admittedly dismal. School desegregation has been slowed. FHA recently determined that racially restrictive covenants would no longer be grounds for denial of assistance to home buyers. But officials have said privately that given President Nixon's view of economic progress, the Administration, even if it does nothing for other civil rights, will make an effort on behalf of fair employment. The acquiescence of Attorney General Mitchell and President Nixon to the Philadelphia Plan—even at the risk of ruffling Senators Thurmond and Dirksen—seemed to confirm this view. (Last week, 12 Senators, organized by Senator Javits (R-NY), sent a letter to Schultz endorsing the Philadelphia Plan.)

Nonetheless, as the plan was going forward, there were new disturbing trends, even in the favored area of employment. Within days of the decision to continue the Philadelphia Plan, the Administration refused to endorse cease-and-desist powers of enforcement for the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, which now has a 13-month case backlog; this required EEOC Chairman William Brown, who had called for cease and desist powers only the week before, to embarrass and contradict himself at Senate hearings on the cease-and-desist bill. The Administration opposed the transfer of contract compliance to EEOC; it ducked the recommendation of the Civil Rights Commission that state and local government jobs he brought under the Civil Rights Act. And it proposed the transfer of the federal manpower programs to the states—which have been singularly unresponsive to the needs of the ghetto jobless.

Even from within the "progressive" Labor Department, there were reports of imminent capitulation to the Allen Bradley Company of Milwaukee, whose discriminatory employment practices have brought it to the brink of becoming the first federal contractor actually to lose a contract for violation of the fair employment order.

The tide of job discrimination policy generally has all but swamped the Philadelphia success. ROBERT KUTTNER

(Robert Kuttner is Washington correspondent for the Pacifica Radio Stations.)

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* has been appearing on alternate weeks during July-September. The next issue will be dated September 19. Thence, we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

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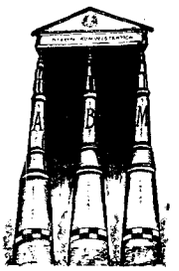
END OF THE BEGINNING



JEREMY J. STONE

On August 6, 1969, the Senate defeated by a tie 50-50 vote an amendment to preclude any further procurement or research and development into the Safeguard missile defense. In 1967, the opposition had numbered 12 votes and in 1968, 34 votes.

It is unclear what motivated Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine to propose this prohibition on even research and development on Safeguard. She ultimately refused to vote for the Cooper-Hart amendment which had been thought to have a chance of passage. By springing her amendment at the last moment, she played a role likely to scuttle the efforts of the ABM opponents. They eluded this attempt only by modifying and embracing her proposal and moving 49 Senators over to support her when she seemed likely to reject them. Because of their skill her amendment got the 50 votes they had expected and was not openly disastrous to the anti-ABM cause. Whether Mrs. Smith's disruptive posture of extreme conviction was shaped by considerations of politics, pique or publicity is still being debated. Paradoxically, however, she may have moved the campaign against ABM a notch forward. She has been the first to propose a prohibition on even research on Safeguard. It is easy to imagine that Congress might begin to insist that only more promising methods of missile defense be continued in R&D. This is an unexpected answer to the problems of being presented yearly with new forms of Safeguard. It is consistent with the view of many opponents that any missile defense of the kind that needs all kinds of computers, vulnerable radars and nuclear armed rocket interceptors is not likely to become promising enough to buy.

In the long run, the Nixon Administration will regret this victory for several reasons. ABM defense of Minuteman is likely to be an albatross around the President's neck; it is now one step nearer to becoming the biggest cost scandal of the cold war. And this is a scandal for which the President will be responsible.

Having won, the Administration is on the defensive. Rather than charging that the SS-9s are growing, the Administration will have to defend itself against the charge that arms control talks may have been prejudiced, and that the inevitable cost-overruns, and the inadequacy of the defense, were predicted.

Soon, the Administration will have to make such gross changes in its program that the opponents will be able to consider themselves vindicated. It will certainly have to design cheaper and less vulnerable radars, which the opponents advocated. And its own planners may feel freer, the program having passed, to complain about Safeguard's vulnerability to advanced Soviet tactics. In the longer run, the opposition will be vindicated if the threat becomes either significantly greater, or significantly smaller than Administration predictions. After all, the opposition has correctly argued that Safeguard was either unnecessary or, if the threat materialized, worthless.

The opposition cannot just fold up its tents for several reasons even if it wanted to. ABM is closely related to the strategic arms limitation talks and these talks must be continually watched. Especially if the Soviet

(Continued on page 538)

A SILENT PARTNER

JOHN W. WARNOCK

When the Johnson Administration first announced the decision to proceed with the construction and deployment of an Anti-ballistic Missile (ABM) system, the reaction in Canada was not significant. The Liberal Government in Ottawa, then headed by Lester Pearson, seemed surprised but not concerned. They took the position that Canada had no role in the new defense system and that it would not be made a part of the NORAD agreement between the two countries. After a couple of days, public interest died.

However, between that time and President Nixon's announcement in March, 1969, a number of significant events occurred. First, more Canadians became aware of the significance of the ABM through the mounting opposition in the United States. Second, there was a change in the leadership in the Liberal Party, with the retirement of Lester Pearson, and this resulted in a new Canadian Prime Minister, Pierre Elliott Trudeau.

Soon after the federal election in June 1968, the Prime Minister made it known that the Government was involved in a fundamental review of existing foreign policy. Many came to expect a radical change. The press gave the whole process a great deal of coverage, which in itself was quite new. Just before the scheduled release of the new White Paper on National Defense, President Nixon made his announcement on the ABM. With all this buildup, it became a headline story.

The initial reaction of Mr. Trudeau was not dissimilar to that of his predecessor. First, he insisted that the ABM would not be a part of NORAD. At best, this is a technical

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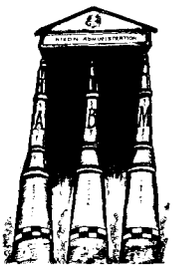
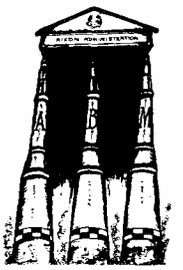


position. It is true that the original NORAD agreement concerned only detection and defense against the manned bomber, but such a position ignores the changes in North American defense since the introduction of the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile (ICBM). The Ballistic Missile Early Warning System (BMEWS) is centralized at NORAD headquarters at Colorado Springs as is the satellite tracking system. Furthermore, all the reports that are available to Canadians indicate that the ABM system will be centralized at NORAD headquarters, and in fact will use the BMEWS and satellite warning systems at first, due to the limitations of the onsite Perimeter Acquisition Radar (PAR). Finally, there have been reports that the U.S. Government has asked Canada for permission to place between one and four PAR radars in Canada, and the Trudeau Government has not ruled this out in any public statement. The ABM system is a logical extension of the whole North American defense system, and it is difficult to argue that Canada has a duty to participate in all the programmes except the ABM.

The opposition parties in Canada raised a number of questions in the public debate that has followed Mr. Nixon's announcement. They did not like David Packard's statement that the two ABM bases in Montana and North Dakota would be used to "work the bugs out of the system" and that it was "desirable to do such testing in isolated country." Any testing of Spartan missiles would be over the Canadian prairies. Had the U.S. Government asked permission for overflights? The Trudeau Government

(Continued on page 538)

NIXON-MEANY: AN ODD COUPLE



JOSEPH HILL

A superficial reading of the Safeguard lineup would have found organized labor—the AFL-CIO—as one of the more impressive paper allies in the Nixon camp. However, an accurate sifting of the bones in the Senate cloakrooms would reveal that the only significant factor about labor in the great ABM debate was its absence. For with the exception of the lobbyists of Walter Reuther and some of the dissenting AFL-CIO affiliates, they sat it out. And as with Vietnam, labor found itself allied with the Dixiecrat-Republican coalition, contributing to the bellweather prestige victory of President Nixon while ignoring its friends in the Senate.

Those who sought to weave a sinister involvement between the priority of interests of the defense establishment and the unions (one prediction estimates 100,00 new "ABM jobs") miss the point—as did Senator Fulbright in his brawl with George Meany over AFL-CIO Latin American involvements the weekend prior to the ABM vote. For it is not a "payoff" or even a question of full employment which has led American labor into the labyrinth of counter-revolution abroad and conservative alliances at home, so much as the natural consequence of two decades of incontrovertible, hard-line, sterile anti-Communism.

Columnist Victor Riesel, who in addition to being a Hedda Hopper of the labor beat has established lines into the Administration, predicted the AFL-CIO commitment for Safeguard last May following a White House meeting between the President and George Meany. A subsequent statement by the labor federation's Executive Council in effect gave Nixon carte blanche on the ABM. The rhetoric of the resolution was unmistakably Jay Lovestone, declaring that the wisdom of the Pentagon should prevail and the wishes of the commander-in-chief should not be denied. The really noteworthy aspects of the declaration were that it evoked open opposition on the Council, a rare occurrence in the 14 years that Meany has sat as chieftain. The argument that even Humphrey-Muskie, the team on which they had placed all their political bets six months previous, were ABM foes carried little weight. Still five Council members could not buy the Safeguard, and three abstained.

How much of the resolution was transferred into actual lobbying in the Senate is problematic. The contradictions in opposing Nixon on the surtax extension without tax reform and in seeking more emphasis upon domestic programs while at the same time backing the arms race no doubt dented what was at the best a difficult role. Nonetheless, Riesel could report again on July 24 that when President Nixon placed a transatlantic telephone call to Meany when the latter was in Geneva, he "did thank Mr. Meany for the AFL-CIO's forceful support of the Administration's Safeguard System." The labor scribe continued that in his judgment "the AFL-CIO is Mr. Nixon's most powerful backing on the boondocks and the Hill."

The emergence of this odd couple was predictably seized upon by another duo who have earned the same tag, Walter Reuther and the Teamsters' Frank Fitzsimmons. Their coalition of 3.5-million outsiders from the labor house of respectability took the ABM as a gut issue, and let the Sen-

(Continued on page 539)

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Stone, cont.

makes some kind of overture in, or related to, the strategic talks, the question of ABM may be raised again.

No decision has been made on the Phase II part of the defense in which there would be a thin nationwide cover against Chinese missiles. The Administration will soon be proposing it, and openly asserting that this defense is not to be negotiable in the strategic talks. This will cause a fight. And there will continue to be the question of building a thick defense against the Soviet Union.

Furthermore, Senators have become educated about this issue and sensitized to it. Any further changes in ABM rationale or new efforts to expand the system, will ring all the alarm bells. These switches occur every year or two in missile defense.

The linkage between MIRV and ABM tend to keep the ABM issue alive since restraints on ABM are necessary to restraints on MIRV and since MIRV raises its own family of destabilization questions.

Finally, the prestige of many leaders of the opposition is deeply engaged. Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee, Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri, Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, Senator Philip Hart of Michigan and many others are committed. They are not used to giving up easily.

The long campaign over ABM is tending to radicalize the Senators who led it. Cynics say that Senators do not read. But they are required to read the speeches they give. They do listen sympathetically to the remarks of those colleagues who will vote with them. And they examine critically the remarks of opposition colleagues who are often saying what they themselves once said. Over-all, the campaign has resulted in unprecedented Senatorial exposure to a point of view that rejects the arms race and rejects simplistic attitudes about the Russians and surprise attack. Short of lobotomies, this new awareness cannot be lost.

It is true that the composition of the Senate changes. But nine of the 15 new Senators voted against ABM. Although the country is moving right with respect to law and order, there is much reason to believe that it is moving left on cold war and arms race attitudes. And while the Congress remains very conservative about national security, it is confronting in the Administration the even more conservative attitudes of Secretary of Defense Laird. This tends to push Congress to the left by producing *reductio ad absurdum* of its views; the idea of a "certain" Soviet attempt to achieve a first strike capability is a good example.

ABM has become the centerpiece of the attack on the "military-industrial complex." This phrase is shorthand for defense spending without adequate review, for improper alliances between defense industry and Defense Department, for Congressional lobbying by defense interests without counterbalancing pressures, for exaggerated fears of Soviet attack, for ideologies that ignore priorities, and for all the societal adaptations of 20 years that have made the arms race business as usual.

Because the Administration won, ABM will remain an irritant and a stimulus to structural change. Like the Vietnamese War it is producing, in a massive psychological redirection, a reconsideration of cold war tenets. ABM has become the spearpoint of resistance to these tenets. Enormously vulnerable to criticism, it legitimizes opposition to less glaring distortions. Because of ABM, half the Senate has tested the waters of opposition to an Administration on a matter of national security. These Senators have found safety in numbers and a good case. No Administration claims will be safe from serious scrutiny in the future. And the vindication of the opposition is simply a matter of time.

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Warnock, cont.

said no and that it was not going to raise the issue. Was there possibility of damage to Canada from the explosion of the nuclear warheads of the ABMs? Many scientists said yes, but the whole question was dismissed by the Prime Minister in an offhand manner. No answers were given to questions concerning decentralization of authority to fire the ABMs. In fact, the spokesmen for the Trudeau Government spent most of their time defending the Nixon Administration and the military.

In the face of hostile opposition from the other political parties, the Prime Minister pledged to make a complete statement after his visit to Washington. He told the House of Commons that if the introduction of the ABM is evidence of an escalation of the arms race, then the Government would condemn it and make its disapproval known to Washington. However, when he returned he avoided the question. He argued that the ABM was solely an American problem. He told a television audience that the ABM was of no more concern to Canadians than it was to the Hottentots. He indicated that his Government would not oppose it in any representations to the American government. The opposition parties were shocked and dismayed. Why was there such a great capitulation?

Some argued that the Prime Minister was converted by the persuasive techniques of the Pentagon spokesmen, but this is hard to believe. More credible were the suggestions that the Nixon Administration had hinted at economic pressures. Canada asked for U.S. support for higher wheat prices and favorable oil quotas, and the Prime Minister desperately needed to build fading support in Western Canada. Silence on the ABM issue would

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help. Others believed that Mr. Trudeau expected that the ABM would be defeated in the U.S. Senate and thus he would be off all hooks.

But there is another explanation. Since the end of World War II, the Canadian government has taken the position that Canada's foreign policy goals are identical with those of the United States. There have been very few occasions when Canada has dissented, and most of these occurred when the Conservative Government of John Diefenbaker was in power. Continental partnership became the cornerstone of Canadian foreign policy. The decision not to be independent was justified on two assertions: (1) there is extensive advance consultation between the two countries on all policies affecting the two countries, and (2) Canada is said to have a special influence in Washington over U.S. policy that no other country has. Since no evidence of Canadian influence has ever been cited, many regard it as a myth.

As far as Canada is concerned, continental partnership requires that our government not publicly criticize U.S. foreign policy. This is commonly referred to as "quiet diplomacy," and was stressed in the famous Heeney-Merchant Report on principles of partnership presented to both governments in June 1965. Mr. Trudeau is following in this tradition.

On the other hand, the Canadian public seems to be stirring. It is a tradition in our country that those who know best should dictate policy, and the grass-roots should not protest. This is strengthened by the Cabinet system of government, which is highly elitist and provides little chance for any effective institutionalized opposition. Mr. Trudeau has consciously embarked on a policy of further integration of Canada into the United States. But public opinion polls indicate that a majority of Canadians would like to see a reversal of absorption of Canada into the Yankee giant. It remains to be seen how long this dissent will remain contained.

Hill, cont.

ate know (despite the fact that both could expect internal reaction from those sectors of their membership in the aerospace and defense industries) that it supported the liberal opposition to its deployment.

Continuing protests from within the mainline, however, have provided a considerable crack in the nominal AFL-CIO posture on the debate. Two Executive Council members carried their dissent into formal resolutions by their unions opposing ABM—Al Grospiron's Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers and Jake Potofsky's Amalgamated Clothing Workers. They were backed up by the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and by such individual AFL-CIO affiliate heads as Thomas E. Boyle of the Chemical Workers and Jerry Wurf of the State, County and Municipal Workers.

Also noteworthy has been the response in what Riesel termed the "powerful backing in the (labor) boondocks" for Nixon-ABM. At Philadelphia in June, Hubert Humphrey received what the local press called a "tumultuous" welcome at the annual convention of the Pennsylvania AFL-CIO, the former vice president calling for a speedy troop withdrawal. And only a day previous, the leadership of the huge state federation was pressed into yeoman service to rule defeated a floor vote that would have placed it on record as opposed to the Safeguard. The Federation's convention resolutions committee had previously recommended the position, in full knowledge that it was in opposition to the national AFL-CIO posture, virtually unheard of hitherto.

As if to compound the injury, when the ABM issue was taken into the deliberative process in labor councils in such diverse locations as Detroit, St. Paul and Santa Clara County, Calif., overwhelming votes placed these bodies on record against Safeguard. And not a few labor journals stood in opposition, although a few beefed up pro-ABM editorial argumentation with full-page advertisements from the American Security Council with a scare-sell for Safeguard (curiously enough, the ASC—whose board is populated with retired admirals, generals and industrialists—began business as an industrial espionage outfit specializing in "labor agitators").

Sandwiched between the mainline defectors and the Reuther-Teamster alliance were unaffiliated unions ranging from the National Farmers Union to the United Electrical Workers and Harry Bridges' Longshoremen. If anyone tried to play the numbers game, the point could have been made that independent unions representing more than four million went on record against ABM, with perhaps half as many again reflected by AFL-CIO affiliates who bucked top leadership on the issue.

The net lobbying effect may have been a standoff, for the anti-Safeguard unions were active participants in the loose liberal-church-black coalition that worked on the Hill, while the most that came from the AFL-CIO, according to Senate staffers who kept track, was circulation of the Executive Council resolution and an article entitled "The Sane Case for U.S. Safeguard ABM Deployment" by William R. Kintner. Adverse "boondock" reaction to anti-ABM posture by a senator was reported only by Tennessee's Albert Gore, who emphasized that the concerned union constituency feared job loss rather than any deep commitment to missiles.

Thus, Safeguard may have been well named in its application to top labor politics: apprehensive of the possibility of a Republican success in next year's Congressional elections, Meany may well have decided early for a White House accommodation. And in the process the odd couple may discover that they are really not that far apart on other issues of public controversy.

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WHERE DID ALL THE SPIRIT GO?

'Conventional liberal wisdom reigns'

MICHAEL NOVAK

I remember well the feeling of exhilaration in Rome six years ago, the night of the climactic vote on collegiality. The moon over St. Peter's Square was brilliant and full and those who walked there while the waters of the fountains peaked and fell knew that Roman Catholicism had taken an enormously important turn. It would have been foolish then to think that the future was assured; experienced men feared the worst. As Karl Rahner said before the Vatican Council opened: "We are not ready; it is coming 50 years too soon."

The worst has not by any means arrived, but what has come to pass is not entirely good. Gustav Weigel once quipped in Rome: "All things human, given enough time, go badly." So with reform and renewal—and also with revolution—in the Church.

During the last year, I visited a community of sisters prominent in the reform movement over the last few years. "Secularization" has taken effect. The results are not altogether pleasant. In the past, sisters have by and large been among the most interesting women one encountered: dedicated and single-minded, but also complicated and struggling. Whatever their social and educational level (poor, lower-middle class, or well-attuned college graduates), they by and large developed a richer and more disciplined inner life than their sisters and former associates who remained "in the world." In the community I speak of I noticed a change. A profound emotional struggle still goes on, but it appears to be one of confusion, uncertainty, wavering purpose, a sliding between several opposing sets of ideals and ways of life. Perhaps these are only growing pains or transitional symptoms. But a certain fruitful tension seems to have slipped out of the bow: all sense of transcendence. One no longer senses those "vibrations" which arise from a life of prayer, or from persons living in the presence of God. One finds oneself among women, now not so willingly unmarried, whose conversation and sentiments have become conventional to liberal persons of their age, sex, and occupation. They were perhaps, as well, uncritically and enthusiastically liberal (or radical). It is as if there were no deep roots, only a shift in peer-group ideals. (Occasionally one meets a former sister who *has* the deep roots, and still has the sense of prayer; and the contrast is striking.)

One senses the absence of the life of prayer everywhere in middle-aged groups: married persons, priests, activists of all sorts. Even among conservatives, complaints about the Catholic revolution do not concern the life of the spirit (except as a cover for other interests), but uniformity or obedience or good manners or the solemn mystery of the old liturgy.

Conventional liberal wisdom reigns. It counts today as a good reason for leaving the priesthood that one is in love with a woman. Who would believe a priest who said he was leaving because he had lost his faith? Probably not even his bishop. For to speak of faith is not to speak credibly or convincingly. Faith is not taken to be serious or real; sex is. Both the man involved and his acquaintances will heed the imperative *cherchez la femme* in order to "explain" his action in terms of the prevailing sense of reality.

On the other hand, what do conservatives—what do bishops—mean when they appeal to faith? They seem to mean a resolve of will to think about things (or at least to speak about things) in a special way, in a special language, structuring all their perceptions accordingly. Or else they seem to mean an undisturbed, unquestioned, simple way of life—as when they point to phenomena they observed on their last trip to Ireland (but not to Italy?). In either case, they do not seem to mean that critical, gentle, unwavering sense of living in the burning light of conscience, undeceived by fraudulence, seeing things (also in the church) as they are and calling them by their names—such as for example, Flannery O'Connor witnessed. There is a difference between faith as a set of blinders and faith as a set of eye-openers; and the test lies in the accuracy of concrete perception and the honesty of concrete speech.

It is sad to see so many good spirits, on whom hopes for reform, renewal, and revolution heavily depend, exchanging one form of faith (surely one they had more deeply appropriated) for another (which they wear uncomfortably)—a liberal Catholic one for a just plain liberal one (often now, of course, a radical one).

What is it to be a Catholic today? I am not at all certain that I know the answer. I know that it is to belong to an historical people, a complicated and diverse people, who have thought, felt, and lived in many different

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cultural forms in a long and often ugly history. History, Hegel said, is a butcher's bench: surely never more than in the liberal era. I am unable to find any set of phrases or conceptions or life-forms which at all times and at all places defined what it is to be a Catholic. I conclude that they are Catholic who think of themselves as Catholic, and who shape their lives (in quite personally and culturally distinct ways) around reflection on the Word, the celebration of the eucharist, and a universal sense of peoplehood. The centralized structure around Pope and Curia, and the use of Rome as a symbol for universal peoplehood, now seem inadequately Catholic, neither true enough nor human enough nor close enough to the Gospels.

Many years ago, despite my great respect for them as men and as Catholics, I regarded Charles Davis as one who had constructed a model of a liturgical church, and Gregory Baum as one who had constructed a model of a scriptural church, both models being too widely separated from the church of daily experience. Catholic faith is more adequately placed in a people, with all the faults —personal, social, cultural, and institutional—of peoples. A people is an historical, ordinary, diffuse, various complex, knit by blood and habit and striving and concrete experiences; neither ideal nor noble nor especially spiritual, but flesh and blood. Still, in the Catholic people are memories, sentiments, images that are so much a part of the texture of my being—not only by birth but also by choice and long self-tutoring—that I think I could not erase them now if I tried.

Were I a priest, I am not certain that I would have been able to endure the double jeopardy in which priests now must place themselves: to be part of the people *and* part of the present concrete institution. Since I removed myself from that second jeopardy, how can I not share sympathetically in a similar choice made by others? And yet my deepest feelings of regard and favor go out to those who, knowing what I knew, favored themselves temperamentally strong enough to undergo that second painful struggle. If the present political form of Catholicism is ever to be cast out of our common Catholic experience as an unnecessary and a cruel abomination, many will have to throw it over from *within*.

The church is not a spiritual, non-institutional body or a movement; a people must have institutional structures if it is to endure, to make corporate decisions, and to carry along the cultural riches of the past. The people's cultures of other times, other places, are no less rich for our reflection today than black culture or the newly discovered cultures of the poor. Institutional structures are instruments, not ends, and they are subject to the sociological laws of routinization, bureaucracy and officialdom. By definition, neither truth nor honesty nor justice nor community are their latent—though they are certainly their proclaimed—aims. Self-preservation is uppermost. The Roman Catholic institution has been flexible under previous conditions of cultural crisis; the will to endure is stronger than any single institutional form. The people outlive the forms. The task of the Catholic people today is to throw off the institutional weight that has too long afflicted them. The institution belongs to them, not they to it.

One expects officials to defend by all means necessary their own importance, function, centrality, indispensability; to proclaim themselves accordingly; to condemn opposing views as heretical; to insist on loyalty oaths to the central bureaucracy, both regarding its doctrines and regarding its practices. What else would vested interests in a rich bureaucracy do?

There are two inaccurate views of the matter to be equally avoided. The first is that "the people" have some sort of existence apart from their institutions. The second is that "the people" are indistinguishable from their institutions. The forms of institutions come and go; the people remain. For three centuries there were no church buildings; for centuries no cardinals; for centuries no prince-bishops; for centuries no daily and self-consciously world-governing popes; for centuries no curia in touch with the whole world by television, radio, and air mail service. Faith need not reside in an institution-less people; nor in an apology for the present institutional forms.

Yet it would be a further mistake to imagine that institutional change comes by being preoccupied with institutional change. The present structure of Roman Catholicism must be altered, in a virtually total way. But our best prospect for altering it is first of all to steep ourselves in the resources of spirit accessible to our people—to find in them (in the Spirit among them) the instincts and courage required. It is, secondly, indispensable to think concretely and administratively, wisely and structurally, about what shape to give our institutions so that they will be healthier and sounder three generations hence. There is no possibility of doing away with institutional forms.

It is the first task which thinkers in the last few years have too much neglected, often because they so took it for granted, or had so many blows to strike (while the iron was hot) in the second task. Catholicism is above all else the presence of God, a growing more profound and skillful in exploring the trackless regions of solitude and despair; it is a joy which comes from tasting unmistakable but ambiguous reality; a refusal to flinch from personal life as it is; a sense of peoplehood (which is not the same as community feeling); a vivid appetite for thick steaks, good cigars, and beautiful men and women; a possibly unverbalized conviction that life is unfair and that freedom is never entirely won, and a eucharistic meal in which all these themes and others (each Catholic celebrates his own constellation) are gathered up.

The eucharist, however, cannot be celebrated unambiguously today. A great deal about it is false—on the one hand, the institutional structure it at present repre-

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sents; on the other, the widespread romantic and anarchic contempt for structures (now almost as prevalent as ersatz community). Hence, even the eucharist itself functions for us as a criterion of the honesty, solitude, and peoplehood yet to be built up, in exactly the same way as marital intercourse sets a standard for married persons which they do not meet. We are a wayfaring people, set upon by the self-interested "altruism" of bureaucrats and by our own weaknesses.

For all that, God through our occasionally accurate perception, critical love, self-scouring honesty, and slow, single steps toward self-liberation makes his presence known to us. Through such uniquely personal and communal activities, men participate in his life. All men may recognize themselves as one universal people; yet some are linked, besides, to the deeds and events of Catholic Christian history. It is a sense of participation in a life divine as well as human of which one most senses the lack among liberal and radical Catholics today, not to mention among equivalent Protestants. These days, do only atheists and young persons know the silence of contemplation?

LOSING THE PLAYWRIGHT

THE STAGE

To Be Young, Gifted and Black, as everyone knows by now, is a patchwork play pieced together by Robert Nemiroff from the produced and unproduced works, the letters, the speeches, the articles of Lorraine Hansberry. Subtitled "The World of Lorraine Hansberry," it is an attempt to present Miss Hansberry, the writer, and the background which produced her and provided the material for her work. It is acted by eight performers—three men, five women; four blacks, four whites—who step in and out of scenes, sometimes share a single character, as when a Hansberry letter is split among several voices.

The play is in its seventh month off-Broadway, and I have just now got around to seeing it. My procrastination was no accident. There were two main reasons why I was reluctant to go to the play—one aesthetic, one idiosyncratic. The first is easy to explain. I hate scenes torn out of their artistic context. An evening of snippets—whether the author is Shakespeare or Hansberry—is likely to turn into a session in which the actors indulge themselves, playing brio bits unhampered by the demands of character, plot, total emotional and ideational thrust. The second, more complicated caveat can hardly be stated without offending someone. There seemed to me something hagiographical about the whole operation. It was vaguely creepy to me that a young playwright with only two works finished in her too short life was being presented in so celebratory a fashion. It suggested a black and beautiful variation on Chatterton, the marvellous boy, as though artists were made by dying young, and that kind of sentimentalization is unworthy of a playwright as talented as Miss Hansberry was. So, half afraid that I was being asked to come and worship, I stayed away. But the play persisted. Well reviewed, it settled into a comfortable run and was always there, somehow demanding attention. As recently as May 25, Nat Hentoff turned up in the Sunday *Times* with an affectionate article on Miss Hansberry which seemed to insist that everyone ought to see *To Be Young, Gifted and Black*. At last, I gave in. Minutes after the curtain went up we were given bits torn out of the two plays, and my first misgivings proved true. After that, boredom, impatience, finally anger. Whatever Nemiroff intended, the play made a mockery of Miss Hansberry's talents, destroyed everything that is good and subtle in her work.

Before I can explain why and how *To Be* is a disgraceful presentation, I should make a few generalizations about Miss Hansberry. When *A Raisin in the Sun* was on Broadway, I wrote a rather ponderous article for *Commentary* (June, 1959) about the play and about the place of the Negro writer in American culture. It elicited an answer from the playwright, one that passed over my criticisms to find fault with my description of the play as *naturalistic*. Although I intended the word as a synonym for *realistic*, as common usage had allowed it to become, Miss Hansberry had historical accuracy on her side. She was, however, not making a moot academic point. Behind her semantic quibble lay a statement of principle, of faith. She knew that *naturalism* began in *determinism*, and she wanted no part of that. For her, for her play, human possibility was what counted. She wanted, as her remarks on Sean O'Casey in *To Be* indicate, to create the life of the Chicago she knew, but more than that she wanted to organize her creation so that her play and her hero could opt for what was best and most spirited in that life, not give in to all that was destructive. Her second play, *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*, was primarily an attack on a particular kind of fashionable determinism, the assumption that nothing can be done about the evils of the world and the resulting "great sad withdrawal from the affairs of men," as one of the characters puts it.

Despite her need to *say* something, to make a social point, she did not want to sacrifice art to argument, to go agitprop as a few of the young black playwrights have recently done. She was forced, then, to embrace the traditional American realism, to do as serious American playwrights from James A. Herne to Arthur Miller have done, to use plot to make her points and character to express her sense that it is all more complicated than it seems. There are traps in the form, the temptation of easy devices (the lost insurance money in *Raisin*) and pat character reversals (Mavis's revelations in Act II of

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Sign). There are virtues, however—characters, like Sidney Brustein and Walter Lee in *Raisin*, which transcend stereotype, become so rich and suggestive that the message itself is always about to be swallowed in human complexity. In *Sign*, Miss Hansberry attempted to go beyond the simplicity of *Raisin*, to introduce non-realistic elements, but they were systematically cut away in the Broadway production. It is impossible to guess how she might have grown as a writer, but her two plays indicate that she had wit and intelligence, a strong sense of social and political possibility and a respect for the contradictions in all men; that she could create a milieu (the family in *Raisin*, the Greenwich Village circle in *Sign*) with both bite and affection; that she was a playwright—like Odets, like Miller—with easily definable flaws but an inescapable talent that one cannot help admiring.

What has *To Be Young, Gifted and Black* got to do with the playwright described above? Very little, I am afraid. If Nemiroff's mosaic were taken at face value, it would be necessary to assume that Miss Hansberry was a gushy little girl, oohing and ahing in much the same voice over Wisconsin snow and ghetto courage, a dramatist who turned out clumsy genre pieces or broad comedy put-downs. The director and the cast do everything in their power to abet this misconception. Since Miss Hansberry did not write articles and letters as she wrote dialogue, much of the material is difficult to speak. The performers have solved that problem by taking refuge in portentousness, coming down on the author's simplest lines as though they had been sent down from Mt. Sinai rather than jotted down in a hotel room. If not that, then they turn breathlessly cunning, as in their treatment of the fairly straightforward description of Miss Hansberry's schooldays, which begins as a Shirley Temple movie and ends as *West Side Story* looking for music. None of the new material is likely to add much to Miss Hansberry's reputation. There is a brief scene involving a slave and his wife, too obviously a fragment to establsh much about the characters; a college sequence, a dramatized short story, which is apparently an early working over of the Beneatha-Asagai material that went into *Raisin*; and an embarrassingly cute post-atomic-destruction scene in which an old recluse teaches wild children to sing *Greensleeves*.

It is the two finished plays, however, that suffer most before the evening is over, although *Raisin* comes off better than *Sign*. Some of the bits—Walter's morning speech to Ruth, the African-warrior game—suggest a kind of genre comedy at the expense of their function in the play, but the last scene, so skillful a piece of romantic affirmation, works despite the inadequate performances. Yet, Bernard Ward, filling in for Moses Gunn the night I saw the play, reminded me how much complexity and passion Sidney Poitier, not then an institution, brought to the part of Walter. The excerpts from *Sign* are another story. Alton's speech about not wanting white man's leavings is effective as a piece of sentimental race rhetoric, but it seems simple-minded when one recalls how it is used in the play; there the audience is presumably to be moved by the speech and at the same time to recognize that it is rationalization as well as truth, Alton's excuse for deserting Gloria. The other scenes are disasters. The heavily-edited encounter between the middle-class Mavis and the Village is a case in point. In the play, it is a funny yet painful scene; in *To Be*, with the actors punching lines as though it were *The Honeymooners*, it gets laughs, but at such a loss. When I remember how Alice Ghostley read the "how smug it is in bohemia" speech in the original production, I cannot understand how anyone who cares about Miss Hansberry's work can let a mugger like Dolores Sutton pound it to pieces.

It was a case of coming to scoff and staying to cry, but not at all in the conventional sense. (*At the Cherry Lane*)

GERALD WEALES

BLACK, WHITE AND TECHNICOLOR

THE SCREEN

No doubt the movie studios are sincere in their efforts at integration—not only in movie-making itself, but also in upgrading the characters Negroes are playing in films. Although we are definitely beyond Negroes-as-Pullman-porters-and-shuffling-waiters, we are still in a period of transition, a period in which liberal-minded studio bosses seem to be saying, "Let's get with it and make a movie with some colored actors." And as a consequence, most of our pictures with and about Negroes these days lack authentic black backgrounds and thinking—and are a disappointment. Instead of just making films with some Negro actors, the studios would be wise to begin their planning with Negro culture, realistic Negro themes, and then select their working staff who will make the picture and be in it.

To the credit of Warner Bros.-Seven Arts they did just that in signing the famous photographer Gordon Parks to film his autobiographical novel, *The Learning Tree*, about a teenage Negro boy's growing up in a Kansas town in the 1920s. Parks is the first Negro to produce a major movie (budgeted at $3 million) for a major studio. He not only produced "The Learning Tree," but he also directed it, and wrote the screenplay and musical score. It is Parks' film, told by a Negro, mainly about Negroes from a Negro point of view. Parks, who is known for his still photography and his photo-essays in *Life* (he also made two documentary films shown on TV) wisely chose Burnett Guffey ("From Here to Eternity" and "Bonnie and Clyde") as cinematographer. The film is incredibly

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beautiful as it captures this 1920 Kansas town and countryside; perhaps too beautiful. It shows young Newt (nicely portrayed by Kyle Johnson) playing with his black pals, swimming, stealing apples, gently falling in love with a pretty black girl (who is later seduced by a rich white boy), listening to his wise mother (Estelle Evans) who warned him against hatred and vengeance and reminded him that there are good people and bad like fruit on a tree—"let it be your learnin' tree,"—and finally the most beautiful scene of all, at his mother's funeral. Too often director Parks allows a scene to start with a stunning Technicolor picture, develop with movement, and then end as another stunning picture. This technique slows up the movie, which is crowded with incidents one after the other all, illustrating injustice, intolerance, charity, kindness, the behavior of the good people and bad (too many of the episodes are smothered in clichés and sentimental corn). If "The Learning Tree" is somewhat disappointing it is so because it had so much going for it that we expected too much from Gordon Parks. He will do better in his next movie, especially if he learned from "The Learning Tree" that film-making is not a one-man job.

Sidney Poitier is another Negro-in-films from whom we expect too much. He is a star and generally considered one of the best of moviedom's actors. After displaying his charm in "Lilies of the Field" and his dignity in "In the Heat of the Night" and "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner," his popularity was assured. But Poitier makes mistakes too; and one of them is his current "The Lost Man." He plays a leader in a black militant organization that plans a robbery to get money to help the families of jailed members. During the heist, Sidney is wounded and kills a policeman. He is indeed a lost man, and the rest of the picture concerns his flight during which he is helped by the white social worker (Joanna Shimkus) who loves him and shares his doom. As soon as I realized early in the film that this is a remake of Carol Reed's splendid "Odd Man Out," I found myself comparing the two movies—with "The Lost Man" suffering every step of the way, particularly in scenes in which director-scriptwriter Robert Alan Aurthur tried to duplicate Reed's magnificent staging. Sidney Poitier, Al Freeman, Jr., and others turn in good performances in this drama about black militancy. It is not their fault that no scenes in "Lost Man" have the emotional or cinematic impact of James Mason's delivery of the through-a-glass-darkly speech or the final shoot-out in the snow in "Odd Man." It would be a good idea if American film makers, instead of re-doing movies about the Irish struggles and using Negro casts as they did recently in turning "The Informer" into "Up Tight," and now blackening "Odd Man Out," would make some original pictures with American blacks and whites working on American problems.

Of course an "original" screenplay does not necessarily a good movie make, as audiences who see "Slaves" will discover. Its story, mainly concerned with a slave (well played by Ossie Davis) who is sold in the 1850s by his kindly but impecunious Kentucky master to a cruel, sadistic, immoral owner (Stephen Boyd) of a Mississippi plantation where the good slave helps his fellows and eventually sacrifices himself to the noble cause of rebellion. As directed by Herbert J. Biberman, who also had a finger in the script, "Slaves" consists mostly of exaggerated melodrama. It does have one "original" and interesting idea, however: Stephen Boyd, the brutal owner, is educated enough to appreciate African culture and the heritage of the blacks; and his handsome mansion is decorated with wood carvings and other African art as well as with his black mistress, played by Dionne Warwick who wears some of the snazziest clothes and jewels since the days of Mr. Ziegfeld's follies. Because of its poor movie-making, "Slaves" falls short as relevant propaganda—although it tries. At the finale, after the rebellion has failed, cynical Boyd says, "Nothing has happened. There are always plenty of Negroes in the world."

If Robert Downey, the former underground film maker, would grow up a bit and stop using four-letter words just for shock effect, he may very well hit on one solution for integration in movies. His "Putney Swope" is an interesting try with a zany story about a Madison Avenue ad agency that by mistake elects its Negro musical director as chairman of the board. In no time, Putney Swope (Arnold Johnson), who said he wouldn't rock the boat, sinks it. Most of his staff are black and so are the people who appear in his hilarious TV commercials. Throughout his film, Downey mixes blacks and whites, plays no favorites, and shows no reverence for anything. Putney renames the agency Truth and Soul, refuses to advertise war toys, cigarettes and liquor, but shoots the works with Lucky Airlines, Ethereal Cereal, and Face Off Cream (for adolescents). After a while, the plot gets a little tiresome and the obscenities get to be a bore. However, "Putney" isn't quite as sophomoric as Downey's last film, "Chafed Elbows." Maybe his next one will really be grown up. In any case, I hope he sticks

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with the idea of kidding blacks and whites where they need to be kidded.

Of all the films I've seen recently, the one scene that states the integration, black-white tussle best is "Medium Cool," a movie that isn't about racism at all, but is Haskell Wexler's amazingly realistic semi-documentary about a Chicago TV cameraman and what he saw at the 1968 Democratic National Convention. The white photographer, going to do a picture interview of a Negro cab driver who found $10,000 in his cab and turned it in, finds himself trapped in the man's apartment where the other blacks militantly explain they don't like these "ten minutes of glory" interviews. Why can't someone who really understands blacks and their problems do serious articles and photo-essays on Negroes and a segregation situation that has existed for hundreds of years? The scene is alive and moving and in its way states what is wrong with most movies about Negroes. "Medium Cool" is an extraordinary film that has a great deal to say about many wrongs in this country: poverty, violence, police brutality, even TV reporting itself. Lead roles are exceedingly well played by Robert Forster, as the photographer, Verna Bloom as an Appalachian schoolteacher, and Harold Blankenship as her young son. While "Medium Cool" has things wrong with it (some unnecessary sex scenes, vulgar language, and an utterly pointless death-ending) Haskell Wexler's direction and photography are first-rate. The scenes of Grant Park and the Chicago streets during the Convention (taken on the spot) will make your blood run cold. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

Resurrection of an American poet

Voyager:

A Life of Hart Crane

JOHN UNTERECKER

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $15.

SAMUEL HAZO

It's all here: Crane's anguished letters to his father and mother, the chronicle of Crane in Cleveland, Akron, New York and Europe, the expected previously unpublished letters and photographs and, finally, the muted account of Crane's deathleap from the *S. S. Orizaba* en route from Mexico to Miami followed by a chapter or two of explanatory post mortems.

Thirty-six years after his suicide, Hart Crane has experienced the resurrection and the life. His poems have been reevaluated and championed by poets as different as Robert Lowell (to whom Crane is the "Shelley of our age") and Allen Ginsberg (to whom Crane is the bridge between Walt Whitman and Allen Ginsberg). R. W. B. Lewis, L. S. Dembo and others have written book-length studies of his poems, and John Unterecker has now completed ten years of research to give us this exhaustive biography.

Unterecker's book is awesome in length (787 pages) and price ($15.). The only biography that existed prior to the publication of Unterecker's was Philip Horton's. I thought Horton's was excellent, and I still do. If it is possible to improve upon excellence, Unterecker has done so only because he has crossed all the t's and dotted all the i's. To say the job is thorough is to understate Unterecker's achievement. This is thoroughness raised to infinity, calling to mind Elizabeth Hartwick's comment on Carlos Baker's prodigious life of Ernest Hemingway—that the unifying principle of the work seemed to be addition.

Yet, the conclusions are inescapably the same. Here was a poet—perhaps a major poet of this century—certainly one of the most significant Romantic poets of this or any American age—who, because of upbringing, inclination and his tortured reaction to circumstances, proceeded from one phase of self-destruction to another until his final date with the sea. So be it. Of course, it is interesting to know of Crane's friendships with Waldo Frank, Gorham Munson and Sherwood Anderson; it is interesting to read of Crane's dealings with Harry and Caresse Crosby; it is interesting to learn that Crane at one time held 'court' at the Prince George Hotel on Twenty-eighth Street if only because I stayed there once myself. But the sum of all this interest is simply the sum of parts held together by one character, Crane, who is common to all. If this were fiction and the principle of selection operative, the result would be less sprawling. Witness Cervantes. But this is fact, and the faithful chronicling of fact can deaden where it means to enlighten. Witness the Warren Report.

What is important about a poet's life (or anyone's for that matter) is how he transcends his circumstances and experiences, how he sees through and beyond the accidents of the given day. Unterecker, to speak fairly, does shed as much light on this as a biographer can, suggesting, for example, how "Black Tambourine" came to be written as a result of Crane's friendship with a black porter at his father's candy warehouse. Ultimately, however, this is only so much footnote information (if that) to some misguided graduate student of the future. Every literary critic knows that the consequential relationship between a man's actual life and his poetry is tenuous at best and deceiving at worst. But for those who delectate on

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such literary detection, Unterecker has done for Crane what Lowes did for Coleridge.

Repeatedly Unterecker suggests that Crane was very much the bright mid-western boy in awe of New York and anxious to be "in." He met Padraic Colum, Earl Derr Biggers and Conrad Aiken and was impressed by how "otherworldly" they were. He was glad to be invited to a reading sponsored by the "exclusive" Poetry Society of America. How much of this proclivity remained with him through his life is debatable, but I've often wondered if this impulse motivated him to write *The Bridge* as an answer to Eliot's *The Wasteland.* He wanted to write plus where Eliot had written minus. Was this merely a reactionary impulse? If so, and if reactionism invariably breeds second-rate work, is it any wonder that some of the worst parts of *The Bridge* emerge when Crane followed his intention strictly? Wordsworth in an earlier century wrote his worst poems when he illustrated his own silly definition of poetry. Crane might have been no better an aesthetician in this sense. What is good in *The Bridge* is what transcended his own aesthetic.

Based on this book, it is hard to deny that Crane was self-victimized by a desire to be accepted, literarily and personally. When rejected (or betrayed, as he termed it), he found dubious escapes in homosexuality and bravado, but the respites were temporary. He was still Hart Crane, the scarred progeny of Grace Hart and Clarence Crane whose tragedy he embodied even in the common denominator of his name. No matter how the story is told, Crane's life was a disaster. His poems were his salvation. They still are.

Social Change and History

ROBERT A. NISBET

Oxford, $6.75

BRUCE MAZLISH

Our age, among other things, is an age of "undeveloped" nations that, hopefully, are also "developing" nations. A synonym for the development process through which they are expected to pass is "modernization." Modernization theorists tend to assume that there are stages through which all nations both *must* and *should* pass; thus *they claim* not merely to offer a description of the way some nations have, in fact, developed, but also a prescription for how all societies are to develop. Modernization, then, sounds suspiciously like a summary of Western experience, idealized and trimmed to an ideal type.

In earlier days, we used to speak about the "idea of progress." Whence has this powerful, sweeping idea originated? Robert A. Nisbet has set himself the task of answering this question, thereby expanding on his acknowledged mentor, Frederick J. Teggart, and the latter's work on *The Idea of Progress.* Nisbet is modest indeed about his accomplishment: There is "nothing novel in the way of argument" in the individual sections (save possibly in the final chapter), he tells us, but "whatever novelty or originality may lie in the book comes from my having brought into single perspective ideas and themes which are ordinarily considered in separation from one another." Thus, he ranges from the Greek idea of *physis* to the latest functional theory in contemporary social sciences, synthesizing all these materials into one theme.

Nisbet's basic arguments are as follows. Of all the metaphors in Western Thought on man and culture, the metaphor of growth is "the oldest, most powerful and encompassing." Growth is not simply motion, or even change. It is defined as change that is 1) intrinsic to the entity, 2) directional, 3) cumulative, 4) irreversible, and 5) has purpose. It begins for Nisbet, in the Greek idea of *physis,* which he translates as "growth." Starting in myths of generation, as in the story of Demeter, it became the central concept of Greek scientific rationalism, finding its apotheosis in Aristotle. In his famous treatment of it, the four points of view in which the *physis* or becoming of anything should be considered are in terms of its material, formal, efficient, and final "causes." The basic analogy is to the development of a seed, and this, in turn, leads to growth being considered as a necessary cycle, from genesis to decay, and then to a new cycle.

Christian thought, epitomized in St. Augustine, while holding to the Greek concept of *physis,* broke through the theory of cycles: the coming of Christ was a unique event, and the end of the earthly city, the City of Man, when it came would end all history. Moreover, all events in time have themselves been necessary and determined. The stages of *physis,* of growth, into which Augustine divides all of human history correspond to actual events, such as the existence of Jews, Babylonians, and so on.

The Greco-Judaic-Christian metaphor of growth, according to Nisbet, still dominates our thoughts, even after the modifications introduced by the 17th century, with its stress on intellectual-scientific progress, and the 19th century, with its stress on material development. Moreover, Nisbit very correctly points out that social thought held to this metaphor independently of Darwinian biological evolution; the latter (especially after its fusion with Mendel's work) was "a *population* and *statistical* theory", while the former remained "a typological construction." (162) In short, social evolutionary theory, for example, Marxism, insists on a necessary inherent, directional and predictable pattern of growth while biological evolutionary theory does not.

This distinction is critical. In his last "reflective" and "original" chapter, Nisbet claims, correctly I believe, that metaphor will always be with us. It is the only way in which we can try to master long-range, highly complex social phenomena. To apply metaphor, however, to "the short-run, geographically finite, and concrete behavior of human beings" is a misguided enterprise. It is to misunderstand and distort empirical data, i.e. history. The latter must be approached in its own terms—as relatively random, accidental, mutational, and subject to changes from outside events not inherent in the society or institution under consideration—and thus not as natural history. As Nisbet puts it, "significant change is over-

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whelmingly the result of non-developmental factors; that is to say, factors inseparable from external events and intrusions." Implicit is the conclusion that we cannot apply Western metaphorical theories of development to concrete situations today, such as to the "underdeveloped" nations.

Nisbet is right that his arguments are not novel, but his presentation of them is clear and fair. Criticisms of his book are, of course, possible. It is, for example a rather nice irony that Nisbet writes what is, in effect, a "developmental" history of the developmental theory; there is a pretty, linear, and seemingly directional pattern to the way in which the idea of growth develops. As with some histories of natural science, we are presented mainly with the "cumulative" record, rather than with the twists and turns of the actual process of intellectual discovery. True, Nisbet includes sections on "Degeneration" theories, but these are largely part of the downswing of the *physis* cycle, and not fundamental challenges. Malthus, for example, is given one line! (Another conspicuous omission, though in the main stream of cyclical theory, is Vico.) Worse, there is little "critical" discussion of the various theories; they are all presented, so to speak, in the flat. This fault becomes more glaring as we approach modern times, and the serious student of such figures as Condorcet, Comte, Hegel, or Marx will wince at the simplicity of presentation. Yet, given the vastness of his canvas, Nisbet legitimately can beg off from such requested detail and subtlety.

It is a tribute to what Nisbet has done, that one wishes he had done more. How have other cultures treated the theory of growth? Is the Western approach unique? What difference does it make whether one uses biological metaphors or analogies of growth or physical ones? Nisbet hints at this matter when he recognizes a massive contrast between the second law of Thermodynamics, which has entropy, the running down of vitality, at the heart of the physical process, and Darwinian evolution, which has biological expansion as its core image. Presumably, these are all matters for another book. Nisbet's present book, to take it in its own terms, should rapidly become a standard work, replacing J. B. Bury's *The Idea of Progress* in the process. On reflection, that is a great deal for any book to accomplish.

An Apology for Wonder

SAM KEEN

Harper and Row, $5.95

MARYELLEN MUCKENHIRN

I had discovered Sam Keen through some of his articles before reading this book. The cover statement about "a striking new option in contemporary theology" seemed a bit triumphant amidst the falling plaster and crumbling walls of what used to be the theological edifice. For many reasons I hoped that Keen would not disappoint and he doesn't. The book is wonderful *and* lucid. I suppose that those words, subtly manifest in his thought and style, sum up Dr. Keen's "presentation and defense of" wonder.

The unifying thrust of the book is its earnest search for a new model of human life, one that combines in a balanced way the values of traditional man and man as technological maker. The plea for a rediscovery of wonder springs from Keen's deeply experienced personal awareness of the growing emptiness of any human life lived only in a spirit of manipulation and mastery. Where admiration, trust and joy vanish, life shrivels. So Keen structures the book by beginning with phenomenological descriptions of the anatomy of wonder, the nature of childhood wonder and the place of wonder in human cultures until the recent past. Then chapters four and five describe the non-wondering attitudes toward the world of the man Keen calls "homo faber." Chapter six sketches the possible lines of balance between wonder and action, and a new model for contemporary man, incorporating values of past and present viewpoints.

The early chapters are short without being superficial, synthesizing topics, trends and insights on which there is

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already a vast literature. Poetry, fiction, theater, movies as well as philosophy, psychology, sociology and history of religions are brought into perspective. For example, in summing up childhood wonder and why it vanishes, Keen says: "The underlying reason for the eclipse of wonder must be sought in the basic attitudes toward life and the fundamental models of man adopted by those who educate the wonder out of children. The explanation for the loss does not lie in a genetic approach to the experience of children, but will be found, rather, in study of the pathology of adult experience."

The longest and most exciting chapter in the book follows from this insight. Earlier chapters have described traditional and contemporary man as two types or models of man. Chapter six then sketches out the pathology of both types of man in terms of the human sickness they cause when out of balance in a life. Several things need to be mentioned here. There is a shift in language and model-construct from "traditional-modern man" to "Apollonian-Dionysian man." It is not possible to do justice to the description of any of these models in a review. But it is important to note that Keen knows and states his own methodology. He is not dealing in vague generalities, but with well-constructed models for thinking. The purpose of the earlier chapters was both historical and existential as to the type of insights offered. The more personal experience as well as historical knowledge the reader brings, the richer the reward. In chapter six it seems to me that the insights are profoundly contemporary and American, open to the reflective criticism of every reader.

The dynamic of chapter six, "Wonder and Authentic Life" flows from the oscillation between description of the Apollonian (law and order) view of life and the Dionysian (psychedelic) opposite. Both views are inauthentic when taken singly and pushed to their logical conclusion. Keen offers as the emerging and much needed synthesis, homo tempestivus, the timely man, "the man for all seasons." Oscillation, balance requiring a sense of timing, of being "the wise man (who) knows what time it is in his own life and in the life of the community." Wonder must be restored within personal life and experience, but only in vital relation to acceptance of limits and of responsible action. Sam Keen would say that wonder is first, primary, most basic as an attitude for wholeness. But it is not enough. It can become as dangerous as its Apollonian opposite when they do not dance together within the rhythm of one human life.

The last short chapter acts as "a quasi-theological postscript," according to the author. It points to the now obvious fact that one's religious ideas, attitudes and styles are rooted in the soil of one's basic affectivity, one's positive or negative primal response to the world and other persons. Keen shows again the need for a rediscovery of lived wonder and gratitude and trust if dualism, legalism and fear are not to dominate the religious experience.

He has perceptive remarks on the growing split between traditional worship and creative celebration, each living out different affective attitudes toward the day-to-day world and the people in it. He comments: "Our judgment must be that the basic attitudes a person adopts toward the world are a more significant indication of his psychological and spiritual health than the specific symbols he uses to express these attitudes. Whether we continue to talk about God is not so important as whether we retain the sense of wonder which keeps us aware that ours is a holy place."

This is a delightful and profoundly

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REVIEWERS

SAMUEL HAZO is Director of the International Poetry Forum. His book, *Hart Crane: An Introduction and Interpretation* was the first book-length study of Crane's poetry.

BRUCE MAZLISH is professor of history at M.I.T.

MARYELLEN MUCKENHIRN, editor of *Future as Presence of Shared Hope* (Sheed & Ward, 1968), will teach at Mundelein College, Chicago, during 1969-70.

RALPH WHITEHEAD, JR. is a Chicago journalist, now working on a book on urban politics.

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stimulating book. It is not really about theology, but rather about the kind of men and women who might live and experience and reflect and do some vital philosophy and theology today. However, Sam Keen gives anyone involved in theologizing much food for reflection on some of the historical reasons for the ossification of theology in most Christian groups until recently. He also challenges anyone who wants to theologize to learn to dance.

The Economy of Cities

JANE JACOBS

Random House, $5.95

RALPH WHITEHEAD, JR.

The Atomic Energy Commission has chosen the far Chicago suburb of Weston as the site for a $250 million cyclotron. The site was suggested by the Chicago banker David Kennedy (now Secretary of the Treasury), and Chicago's biggest money lobbied for months to get the project. It even was thought to be the reason Everett Dirksen so lovingly supported Lyndon Johnson's Vietnam adventures.

Chicago financiers think this slab out of the pork barrel will nourish an instant renewal for the metropolitan economy. For the atom smasher will bring to life a New Town—a company town—and thus provide the arena for social progress and a lot of construction work. (One scheme was to turn Chicago's West Side ghetto into a golf course and ship all the blacks out to Weston to . . . well, this is where the scheme broke down.) The project is also to spin off acres of science-based firms and give Chicago an equivalent to Boston's Route 128. Of course, the financial statesmen add, the first huge block of risk capital for all this will be put up by the taxpayers.

The plan is typical of the urban scramble to set off a quick economic boom. It's just the sort of economic thinking that Jane Jacobs would like to see dropped. She is afraid the national economy is going to be killed by the stagnation of the cities. And one of the worst obstacles to recovery, she thinks, is just this kind of planning gimmickry, political muscling, and timid investment policy.

The abstract nostrums of urban planners already have been debunked by the author's earlier book, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities.* "The pseudoscience of city planning," she wrote, "and its companion, the art of city design, have not yet broken with the specious comfort of wishes, familiar superstitions, oversimplifications and symbols, and have not yet embarked upon the adventures of probing the real world." Obviously, her opinion hasn't changed since 1961, although now it extends to bankers, corporation executives, and government bureaucrats, as well.

The political influence of old city money is another drag on recovery, the author finds. The urban economy will revive only if it's fed by new enterprise. But this can raise a *parvenu* threat and set old money against new. "The only possible way to keep open the economic opportunities for new activities," Mrs. Jacobs writes, "is for a 'third force' to protect their weak and still incipient interests. Only governments can play this economic role." And, she realizes, they almost never do, because they're held back by established competitors of the innovative firms.

The large investment outfits, she discovers, won't very often lend to young firms. This kind of financing is too risky for the banks and insurance companies. They prefer, if possible, to sew up good returns by using government's money to pick up the risk for their own investments (Weston is an example). The result can be an ironic turnabout: struggling young companies, as taxpayers, put up venture capital to clear the way for safe investment by the same lenders they're unable to reach. And where tax money isn't available to bear the risk, very little growth investment ordinarily occurs. And so here there are losses on both sides, as promising companies die off and thick portfolios slip into economic dotage.

Growth genuinely has a chance to occur if, as Jane Jacobs puts it, old

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work can give birth to new. This is simple enough (although some intuition is needed, and consequently some of the examples are homely). A sandpaper company, for instance, unable to make its sand stick to its paper, tried out new adhesives and eventually pioneered a good masking tape. The brassiere, another gift of new work, was invented by a seamstress whose dresses didn't hang properly. However, it isn't as simple for new work to stay live and get going on a heavy scale. For this to happen, capital must be provided.

For this purpose, the author thinks, many different kinds of investors ought to start betting a lot of long shots at the $2 window. As she phrased it for the *New American Review's* adaptation of the book, "Capital . . . must be dispensed as many, many small loans and investments, a large proportion of them unroutine; and it must also be supplied in relatively large amounts to young firms that are ready to put their products on the market or to go into a larger scale or production, while it is still uncertain that they will succeed."

Investors must also notice the social location of the sources of new work. "Lowly work has often been the parent work of important new goods and services, as we may expect it will continue to be," she writes. "Furthermore, acute practical problems in cities often bear most heavily upon people lowest in the social hierarchies, and thus are noticed, and also often understood, by these people long before they are taken seriously by those who lead more sheltered lives. If people who do lowly work cannot add new work to it, not only does that work itself become an economic dead end, but also many serious practical problems that will ultimately affect everyone are apt to remain unsolved."

As this statement suggests, the author doesn't see new work simply as a way to crank up the economy. She also considers it a way to clear up a lot of city problems. Her view cuts across a judgment based on an old distinction of roles: namely, the worst urban problems are gathered along the underside of the economy, where profit isn't available to the private sector, and they consequently must be handled by the public sector. Although this judgment is wrong, it still has some force, probably because of what seems to be a tacit bargain between apparent enemies. Business likes the judgment because it make corporate projects for the cities look as if they're purely *noblesse oblige*. And many on the Left play on the judgment to shame board chairmen and encourage further socialization of the economy. But Jane Jacobs, setting aside any talk of divided economic responsibilities, simply thinks that solving the so-called urban crisis ought to be, and can be, America's chief growth industry.

IN BRIEF

Here is France. By Claire Huchet Bishop. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.50.

Americans, tourists included, are often quite divided in their attitudes toward the French people. Even those whose affection is most solidly based will find additional evidence in Mrs. Bishop's colorful and extremely informative exposé. There is also much here to confound the most captious Francophobe if he will listen. An enthusiastic apologia but a convincing one. E.S.S.

Letters to Léontine Zanta. By Teilhard de Chardin. Harper & Row, $4.

Léontine Zanta. Wasn't she the girl who played Jeanne Moreau's friend in *Jules and Jim*? No. She was the Parisian feminist to whom Teilhard wrote twenty-seven letters between 1923 and 1939. Even two introductions by Robert Garric and Henri de Lubac cannot save this slight moment in the ongoing grail for total Teilhard publication.

The Dimensions of Job. By Nahum N. Glatzer. Schocken, $7.95.

There is no shortage of Job interpretations. But Glatzer's book is unique: an introductory study, a brief history of

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Job interpretation and a series of readings from thirty-three modern writers (Herder, MacLeish, Royce, Kierkegaard, Kaufmann *et al.*). The editor is chairman of Near Eastern and Judaic Studies at Brandeis.

The Logic of Self-Involvement. By Donald D. Evans. Herder and Herder, $8.50.

Employing J. L. Austin's theory of "performative language," Canadian philosopher Evans shows how biblical utterances can be self-involving. Part one provides a philosophical overview of the self-involving character of everyday language. Part two extends this investigation to the language of the Creation story which is then understood in nonpropositional terms. An important study for philosophers of religion and biblical scholars.

The People Versus Rome. By John O'Connor. Random House. $5.95.

John O'Connor's book will be old-hat to anyone who has stayed half-current on the fratricidal tensions of the American Catholic Church. Those who haven't will find O'Connor's narrative interesting—up to a point. O'Connor, an ex-diocesan editor, names names and sketches in all the petty details of the ecclesiastical scene. But the scene itself tends to become a bore, so does the book. Still, O'Connor's got most of the dirt and he's not one for putting it under rugs.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 531)

matter how just you may feel your cause to be. DAVID L. COSLETT
Public Relations Dept. Dow Chemical Company

Reply

Our information was not manufactured. The development of Tordon with help of an Army research grant is documented by the North American Congress on Latin America (contract #: DA-18-064-AMC-119A/Army Biological Labs). The amount in dollars purchased by the government is from *Chemical and Engineering News* (9/4/67) and a fact sheet of Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam. (Dow Chemical has issued a white paper rebutting the fact sheet, but it is debatable how persuasive it is.) Finally, we did not speak of Tordon in terms of rice crops, but rather as a herbicide for "poisoning non-gramineous crops, including garden beans, soybean, potato and manioc." The description is from the *Technical Abstract Bulletin* of the Department of Defense (7/1/65). JOHN DEEDY

Troglodytism!

Pittsburgh

To the Editors: A full page notice in your esteemed journal (June 27) cleared up the mystery of the sense in which your kindred contemporary, the *National Catholic Reporter*, uses the word "Catholic" in its title. The clarification was helpful and the special sense they have hit upon may well be warranted, though obviously it was not the sense which prompted their original choice of the word.

It would be helpful if *Commonweal* would favor its readers with its understanding of the word "troglodyte," more especially since it is beginning to recur in your editorials and comments. In your issue of June 20 it appears to mean "deriving from or pertaining to the Holy See," "papal," "directed to the Universal Church," or, perhaps, "authoritative." In other issues it appears to mean "over 30 years of age but holding episcopal office." Again it may merely mean "offensive to fancy-free temperament."

The dictionary at hand supports none of these readings. The initiative at clarification of terms taken by your companion-in-arms is all to the good. If "troglodyte" is to become one of your clichés, definition would help us simple readers who, of course, take on faith all you say but, in our vanity, like to know what the words we parrot all mean. WILLIAM P. MULLEN

FOR THE FALL TERM

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